

## I Hope You Kill Me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/49356532) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/49356532>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warnings:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a> , <a href="#">Rape/Non-Con</a> , <a href="#">Underage</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">M/M</a> , <a href="#">Other</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Remus Lupin/Severus Snape</a> , <a href="#">Sirius Black/Severus Snape (One-Sided)</a> , <a href="#">Moony/Severus Snape</a> , <a href="#">Lily Evans Potter &amp; Severus Snape</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Remus Lupin</a> , <a href="#">Severus Snape</a> , <a href="#">Sirius Black</a> , <a href="#">Lily Evans</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Darkfic</a> , <a href="#">Rape/Non-con Elements</a> , <a href="#">Heavy Masochism</a> , <a href="#">Graphic Violence</a> , <a href="#">graphic smut</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Porn</a> , <a href="#">Werewolf Sex</a> , <a href="#">Claws</a> , <a href="#">Self-Harm</a> , <a href="#">Cannibalistic Thoughts</a> , <a href="#">light cannibalistic elements (bloodplay)</a> , <a href="#">there is no actual cannibalism</a> , <a href="#">Dead Dove: Do Not Eat</a> , <a href="#">the author does not recommend</a> , <a href="#">Violence</a> , <a href="#">Suicidal Thoughts</a> , <a href="#">Abuse</a> , <a href="#">Bullying</a> , <a href="#">Beating</a> , <a href="#">Broken Bones</a> , <a href="#">graphic depictions of blood/gore</a> , <a href="#">werewolf elements</a> , <a href="#">Severus Snape is fucked up in every way</a> , <a href="#">Teratophilia</a> , <a href="#">Shameless Smut</a> , <a href="#">Degradation</a> , <a href="#">Homophobic Language</a> , <a href="#">Knotting</a> , <a href="#">Sub Severus Snape</a> , <a href="#">I'm Not Ashamed</a> , <a href="#">Not Canon Compliant</a> , <a href="#">Sirius Black's Prank on Severus Snape</a> , <a href="#">Psychological Trauma</a> , <a href="#">Conditioning</a> , <a href="#">bittersweet ending?</a> , <a href="#">Belly Bulge</a> , <a href="#">Mentions of a breeding kink</a> , <a href="#">No actual breeding</a> , <a href="#">Hurt No Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Its a rollercoaster</a> , <a href="#">a grave misunderstanding of love</a> , <a href="#">Mating/Bonding</a> , <a href="#">Master/Slave</a> , <a href="#">vaguely</a> , <a href="#">Blood Kink</a> , <a href="#">Blood Drinking</a> , <a href="#">Just a lot of blood</a> , <a href="#">be warned</a> , <a href="#">Short</a> , <a href="#">probably a one shot</a> , <a href="#">Heavy Angst</a> , <a href="#">Self-Hatred</a> , <a href="#">No Happily Ever Afters</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-08-14 Words: 5,303 Chapters: 1/1

# I Hope You Kill Me

by [Crow\\_the\\_Bird](#)

## Summary

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Perhaps this was why Severus had listened when Black goaded him into the forbidden shack on a full moon night.

It wasn't terror that Severus felt when he came face to face with a snarling, starving werewolf. It was pure fascination. He couldn't resist the urge to reach for Remus's bared teeth, revelling in that all too familiar look of blood lust in the wolf's yellowed eyes. Severus saw that look in the mirror every day.

## Notes

### !! THIS IS A DARKFIC !!

This is my first dark fic, and I am reluctant to post it, but I needed to get it out of my brain and written down. Its short and not well written. I regret nothing, but also everything.

### Rating EXPLICIT!!

Contains themes such as; blood, self harm, self destruction, suicidal ideologies, teratoplilia (monster fucking), explicit sexual content, rape/non-con elements, and vaguely cannibalistic thoughts.

So I don't actually recommend reading this. Not for the faint of heart or stomach. If you do read this, be wary, do **not** attempt anything you read here, and enjoy.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Severus Snape gave as good as he got.

Well, that wasn't entirely true, now was it?

Four on one had never quite been fair, especially to a first year boy who had expected safety for once in his life. Though, to Severus, it wasn't all that different than protecting himself from a fully grown man.

But there were too many differences for him to be prepared. For one, a drunken adult in his early forties had a much slower reaction time than a group of four teenage boys. And the boys had only gotten more creative as time had gone on, until Severus was jumping at every sound, flinching at every movement. Seeing his father in one corner of his eye and James Potter in the other.

By second year he was jumpy.

By third, he had thinned out and bags had formed under his eyes. He was gaunt and thin and he had started to become *cruel*. Severus had never been cruel and dangerous before, despite knowing more than any thirteen year old should. It wasn't long until he was snapping at everyone but Lily, gritting his teeth to bite back the most colourful insults, and plotting revenge that only darkened as the cruelty continued.

Severus Snape gave as good as he got.

What people didn't seem to understand was what that meant. Severus went through exceptionally cruel things, and fought back as best he could. But if the Marauders didn't like you, nobody liked you. If you weren't pure of blood, you were a mere tool for the Slytherins. It was hardly fair that the whole world *literally* was against Severus.

He received no help from the professors, who shrugged it off as commonplace between peers. McGonnagal was the only to offer him kindness in all his years, apart from Lily.

Oh, and who wouldn't love Lily?

She was his saviour, after all. He loved her with all he was worth, and who wouldn't? Lily Evans was beautiful. She had fair, freckled skin that wasn't quite pale and wasn't quite olive, and long red hair that was the exact colour of a fire in the crisp autumn months. Her smile lit up a room and caught eyes, sharp in the corners but soft in the way it crinkled up around her eyes, which were the most dazzling shade of green, flecked with bits of light brown. They had spent many nights under the old elm on the edge of the foul smelling lake, with Lily begging to know where Severus got his bruises while her gentle hands braided flowers into his hair. Flowers always wilted in Cokeworth, but never Lily. She was the most precious flower in all of the United Kingdom, Severus was sure.

And a snake always protects a garden.

But Lily wasn't his, she never was. Perhaps he wanted her at one point, but who didn't? She was the only one who had ever cared for him, and he would've been a fool not to want her for

that. Overall, he didn't *want* Lily. He didn't lust after her or imagine a future together with her, at least, not one in which she was barefoot and pregnant. He just wanted her, in the simplest, most desperate of ways. He wanted her to stay, as no one else had. When he imagined her arms around him, he imagined being cradled like a child as they stared up and laughed at the constellations they could find. Thinking of kissing her only brought the most chaste images to mind, of gentle pecks on the cheek and the kisses on his forehead that made his eyes close and his muscles relax.

Severus wanted Lily in the simplest, most human way of all. He wanted to be loved.

It wasn't that he didn't want someone to have her, but James Potter did not *deserve* someone who was so lovely and kind. Severus was more than happy to share, because love was, as he learned from Lily, not a finite resource. He'd always be jealous and a bit bitter about it, but only because he had the tendency to miss the only person who gave a toss.

By fourth year, Severus was sending curses at his own shadow. He was ducking around corners and glaring at the floor so venomously that Hogwarts herself sometimes rattled when he scowled.

By fifth year he was no better than a cornered animal, clashing teeth and angry eyes. He was so cruel he had frightened off his only friend, and he punished himself for it. At first it was only a few, light and barely there marks on his thighs, but it was not enough. Soon it was more. It was gaping, deep gashes that bleed so heavily he had to scourify his sheets and hold them together with magic not suited to such injuries. And after all, magic was all about intent. Severus intended to hurt, to **suffer** so badly that his magic hesitated to heal him.

Soon, he was grinning every time the knife tore into his skin. It provided him with a sense of carnal relief, *pleasure*, stronger than he'd ever felt. It was an addiction, hot and itchy under his skin that only let up once he was light-headed and covered in his own blood. Even wanking didn't bring him the same relaxed pleasure that cutting did.

He tasted it once.

It was hot and bitter, but sweet on his tongue. The taste made his teeth ache and his stomach churn, and at first he jerked the cut away and cleaned it so thoroughly he could see every fat cell and bit of tissue in his arm. He couldn't help the way his mouth watered. It was beautiful in a way Severus could never hope to achieve.

The second time, he hesitated once before he cleaned away every drop with a far more eager tongue. He let the taste settle and remain, before licking at it again. Feeling every spot where the blood had thickened in an attempt to clot, and the sweeter taste of it fresh from the gash. His teeth had scraped against the wound only once and he shouted with pain, as a searing of pure agony shot through his arm, through the tender flesh that was too sensitive to be outside of the skin. Tears had rolled down his cheeks forcefully and he had hiccupped a sob before doing it again. He was properly punished this way, and pleasure soared through him as blood flowed hot and new onto his tongue.

He had never been harder in his life than when he was bleeding and sobbing.

He knew he was sick, but he'd already been through so much that his brain had perfectly twisted into the only thing it could to survive. A *masochist*. A boy who thirsted for power and blood in the most primal of ways. It took him a while to realise that he wanted someone powerful, who would hurt and protect and *keep him*. *He was cunning and dark, but he didn't want that power for himself, he wanted a Master. Perhaps that was what had intrigued him about Voldemort in the first place.*

*Perhaps that was what made Severus want to kneel at Lucius's feet and beg for a cock in his mouth whenever the older boy called him a wretched little mudblood.*

*Perhaps that was why he had started seeking out Potter and his band of filthy pests in the first place. He began to taunt them more, get crueler in his insults and more violent in his curses. Because then, Potter would whip out his wand and he would hurt Severus in new ways the Slytherin had never even thought of. Then, Black would get so angry he'd forgo his wand and use his fists. Severus remembered when Black kicked his face so hard his hooked nose had broken. He remembered eagerly darting his tongue out to lap up the blood, to taste the fluid and feel the brokenness of his own face. That was the first time he had looked at Black with lust.*

*He targeted Black even more after than, cornering him and spouting the dirtiest, cruellest things he could think of.*

*"Mongrel," He'd taunt, and he'd get a new bruise on his face.*

*"Faggot" He'd sneer, and he's receive a rib so broken he screamed when he tried to breathe.*

*That was the first time he truly wanted somebody.*

*Oh, fuck, did he want Sirius Black. He wanted the boy to bloody him up and have his way with him. He wanted to be abused and used, and loved so deeply that it left imprints on his bones. Because that was what love was, was it not? Cruel and sharp, digging its teeth in and tearing everyone to pieces. It was all he ever knew. He knew a belt against his back and lifeless eyes, he knew curses and hexes thrown his way for existing.*

*The human brain is a terrible, clever little thing, to be able to twist things so easily in order to survive.*

*Perhaps this was why Severus had listened when Black goaded him into the forbidden shack on a full moon night when he had known already what Lupin was. The promise of a beating, the desperation for that release that had become harder to get ever since Black had taken to breaking bones.*

*It wasn't terror that Severus felt when he came face to face with a snarling, starving werewolf. It was pure fascination. He couldn't resist the urge to reach for Remus's bared teeth, revelling in that all too familiar look of blood lust in the wolf's yellowed eyes. Severus saw that look in the mirror every day.*

*Remus Lupin was beautiful.*

*That was a fact of life. Remus Lupin was a beautiful boy. His scarred face and body made Severus shiver with desire. He wanted to run his tongue across each one of those marks to see what noises Lupin would make. He wanted to watch the gentle boy come undone with his prick pushed so far into Severus's mouth that he could barely hold back retching. Lupin did everything with deliberate gentleness, as if trying to make up for the monstrous thing that he was. His fingers tracing over everything before picking it up, dipping into the covers of books before opening them in an almost sensual way. That sharp and curious look in Remus's eyes whenever he scented blood or heard a noise of pain, like a predator searching for its prey, before it was quickly covered with guilt.*

*Severus wanted to twine his fingers into those soft, golden brown locks and pull until Lupin snapped. He wanted to sink his teeth into the wolf's flesh and taste.*

*Faced with that giant beast that Lupin kept secretly tucked away, those feelings only grew. He wanted the wolf to tear him to pieces, to eat him or use him, to finally give Severus a reason to continue his miserable existence.*

*His hand reached before he could stop it. Carnal fascination filled him as the beast snarled and hunched over him, slobbering and looking at Severus as if he was prey.*

*"Do it" He whispered, breathing fast and hard, looking at the beast with lust and terror mingled in his obsidian eyes, "Remus, do it. Gods, just do it, tear me up, bite me. Whatever you want from me, I want to give. My flesh, my body—please."*

*Lupin whuffs, but the wolf hesitates, tilting his head and pressing his wet nose against Severus's neck. A low snarl tears through the beast, making Severus shiver and harden in his trousers. He whimpers and bares his neck to the monster, prepared for the release of death and the exhilarating pain that would define his end.*

*The beast nips at Severus's neck, a warning. It's not nearly hard enough to break skin, it's more of a pinch, a threat of what will come if the boy disobeys. Severus bites back a moan and goes utterly still, feeling a large, hot tongue lap at his skin, right over his throat. He's painfully hard at the thought of those huge fangs sinking into his tender neck, tearing into him as though he was a meal. One bite and Severus would bleed out in seconds. Fifteen seconds if the cut was big enough, maybe a minute if he was able to put the right amount of pressure on the wound. Long enough to know what was happening. Long enough to feel himself be torn apart.*

*"What do you want with me, beast?" He whispers, breathless and begging.*

*Lupin growls and suddenly he's ravenous. Severus can see the barest hint of recognition in the beast's eyes, the slightest hint that he remembers who Severus is, that he's still human. It's quickly overshadowed by hunger, the most animalistic forms. The werewolf tears at Severus's clothes, ripping into his porcelain skin in the process. As slow trickles of blood drip over Severus's belly, the boy moans and his eyes roll back in pleasure. The pleasure only grows as Lupin laps at the wounds, licking up every drop of blood hungrily and scraping his tongue painfully over each claw mark.*

*Severus is flipped onto his stomach in an instant, the force knocking the air out of him and making his head spin. It's only then that he takes in the nest of tattered clothes and blankets that make up the werewolf's nest. It causes displeasure in Severus. If Lupin was his, he would have the best blankets and a warm room, he would have a nest made of only the finest materials. He would be worshipped like a beast as beautiful as he deserved.*

*The boy is only torn from his thoughts when his hips are yanked upwards forcefully, claws tearing into his flesh and holding him so he can't move an inch without agony. He screams, but his cock has never been harder in his young life. That rough tongue laps at Severus's hole, before pressing inside insistently. It's only so long before the much smaller boy is helplessly writhing and gasping in agonised pleasure. Every time he bucks his hips, those sharp claws dig into his sides and draw more blood.*

*It's awful.*

*It's painful.*

*It's heaven.*

*"Fuck– more! More, you.. you fucking monster, more!- ngh-" Severus hisses, hips pushing back against the werewolf's mouth with no cares for the danger it poses to him. He looks back just in time to see the beast's – frankly huge – cock sliding out of its sheath. It's red and ribbed, tapered and flaring into a thick knot at the base that is definitely larger than Severus's fist. He's going to be torn apart, and the thought is arousing beyond any rational logic left in Severus' broken mind.*

*Belatedly, the boy whispers a few spells under his breath to lube himself up, a trick he learned when he had started fucking. It had guided many sex toys into him before, easing the pain and damage just enough that he didn't suffer too terribly. He was not yet completely insane.*

*The werewolf seems greatly offended at this, snarling as the new scent mingles its way in. It howls and sinks its claws deeper before its huge wolf dick is slamming into Severus all the way down to the knot. Severus screams and his body is racked with sobs, as the burning stretch tears its way through his insides. It's as agonising as it is perfect. Severus is sure he'll be torn in half, left full and used, practically inside out.*

*He screams again as the beast starts to move, rutting into his tight body with force and size that ruin Severus. Remus is panting and drooling, one claw dug into Severus's hips and the other tearing into the boy's shoulder. Leaving more marks for Severus to cherish and rip at until they leave permanent scars. The thin boy has never felt so fulfilled.*

*Severus's prostate is absolutely crushed by the thick shaft filling him, making the Slytherin lad shake and scream with every thrust. The cock is working in and out of him violently, animalistic and merciless. There's a jut in his stomach from the intrusion inside him, showing with every thrust. Not big enough to be truly damaging, but truly painful in Severus's thin abdomen. Severus is moaning and sobbing desperately, his nails raking against the floor and his hips rocking back in desperation. The scent of blood and sex fills the air, cuts reopening on Severus's body with the force of the assault, his rim tearing from the forceful thrusts.*

*It doesn't take long for Severus's brain to go perfectly, helplessly numb. Until he's a drooling mess that's eagerly pressing his shaking hips back against the prick in his arse. Like a perfect little slag, he doesn't fight it for a second. All the pain is so overwhelming that the boy is soon coming hard, his muscles clenching tight around the huge dick inside him as he spasms. His orgasm ends with a shriek, and he falls mostly limp, the beast's claws being the only thing holding his half-conscious body up. His face and shoulders are pressed into the ground, his arms above his head and his arse raised, like a proper bitch.*

*Lupin shudders and howls, his hips pressing forward insistently, until – POP. The giant knot pushes into Severus and makes him scream, his whole body jolting in agony as it starts to swell up. All he can do is writhe weakly and choke out strangled noise. Drool leaks from his parted mouth, tears in his reddened eyes. He's covered in welts and cuts, leaking blood. A puddle of come pooled beneath his cock as it hardens painfully again.*

*Severus whimpers in pain as the knot ruts into him, an intense amount of hot semen pumping into a body that was too small to take it properly. His stomach distends a little further as his organs shift to make room for the liquid.*

*Gasp and whimpering, Severus lets his weak body collapse as the werewolf remains locked inside him, trusting the beast to hold him upright. Lupin leans his large snout down and whuffs, licking up tears and blood from Severus's face. The bloodied boy could feel a scrape on his face where the wolf was licking, likely from having his face shoved down so hard against the wooden floorboards. "You're breeding me.. Like- like a bitch" Severus whimpers, his eye closed and a strangled noise escaping him again, "Fuck.. thank you" He chokes out, even if the monster can't understand him in the slightest.*

*He feels perfect and useful, speared on the wolf's cock like this, holding its huge knot inside him. Finally, finally, he feels useful, in a way he can't achieve with his academic genius. He feels helpless and broken, he feels amazing.*

*The boy lets his body relax, for the first time in years his muscles loosen. His eyes close and his breathing calms, and for once he doesn't feel like he's desperately clinging to a torn liferaft, adrift in the middle of the ocean. Severus's unscratched cheek is pressed against the floor, his one eye open just enough to watch the lumbering beast as it breeds him. His lanky body is shaking, yet relaxed. Calm despite the blood that oozes, hot and fresh from the copious amount of injuries on his body.*

*For the first time, in several very long months, Severus smiles. It's small and weak, twitching into a grimace of pain every few seconds. But it's a smile, because Severus has never felt this good in his life. This was what it felt like to be loved, wasn't it?*

*Severus is too dazed to really feel it when the swelling of the knot goes down, but he sobs when the wolf pulls out. "No—" he gasps, scrabbling around in a panic at the empty nothingness he feels inside him. He's hollow. Empty. Useless.*

*He's been abandoned again, he's sure. Even a monster doesn't want him.*

*Severus whines and sobs, but not because his arse is swollen and bleeding, not because of the tears in his flesh or the warmth leaking out of him down his thighs. He sobs because the pain*

*has stopped. He can think again. Severus doesn't want to think, he wants to be torn apart and used, he wants to feel until he can't anymore. Desperation tears into his chest, making it feel tight and sore.*

*"No, no, no— please. Goddamn it, please! I'm begging you not to do this" He sobs, words that perhaps should have been said much earlier, much before the creature had stabbed its too-big cock into Severus's too-small body.*

*Lupin growls and sniffs at Severus's sleek hair, mouths at the boy's skinny neck with just the smallest threat of teeth. It's comforting. It's comforting because it means that Lupin isn't leaving. The werewolf lets out a snake when Severus attempts to move. Severus freezes immediately, terror and relief flooding his body.*

*He could be submissive. He could do that. Severus was good at submitting.*

*The beast snarls again and Severus trembles, his mind reeling as he realises that Lupin might still eat him. The thought is as arousing as it is terrifying. Severus naked a choked whimpering sound and rolls over weakly, exposing his belly and throat to the wolf. He reeks of fear and lust, everything the wolf has ever desired in a mate.*

*And Moony wants it. He wants to take and claim in every way. He wants to keep this little man-thing, this not-wolf bitch. The monster wants Severus as his own and he intends to take him.*

*Remus is the calm before, while Moony is the storm ready to wreak havoc. Severus is just a casualty along the way, and he is deeply okay with that.*

*Severus flinches and moans as the beast snarls in his face again, his cock hard against his navel and leaking generously. Unintelligent as it is, the wolf still manages to understand that it's pleasing its mate. Severus spasms violently when a large tongue grazes along his length, still sensitive and desperate. He makes a pained whimper in his throat, still hoarse from screaming. This, of course, only seems to urge the beast on. A muzzle, wet and hot, surrounds Severus's prick, that tongue swiping mercilessly.*

*Severus comes when he feels the slightest graze of those monstrous teeth against his dick, and the beast laps up every drop. Sobbing from pure sensation, Severus has to fight himself not to thrash, wanting to please his new master. Wanting to stay still and be rewarded with more agony.*

*Claws tear into his shoulders, but he's run out of energy to scream, so he simply makes a strangled noise and goes willingly. Severus's whole body is searing with pain in a way he's never felt before, all consuming. He's never felt so amazing in his entire life, and he's so exhausted he couldn't get it up again if he tried, but the wolf was already nosing at his gaping ass once more.*

*To Severus's intense disappointment, Remus takes mercy on him. The beast licks Severus clean, then nudges him until he drags his destroyed body to the nest of rags, curling in on himself like a broken child. Severus sobs, hard and painful. He wanted this, he loves the pain, but it hurts. It hurts so badly and no one is ever going to make it better for him. His insides*

*have been reared apart, his skin torn to shreds, his throat raw. He would piece himself together again like he always did, he'd keep every scar and learn to extract the memory so he could watch again.*

*So he'd never forget.*

*Severus passes out before he knows what hit him, dreaming of collars and whips. Nightmares of clashing teeth and ripping claws only turned erotic by the twisted masochism of his own broken mind. He's woken twice more during the night by claws and insistent nosing against his torn rim. By the time the wolf has satisfied its lust and the sun is rising, Severus is bloodied to the point that he can barely move, and his cock is unrelentingly hard and weeping. Screaming brings him slightly from his daze as he tries to find where it's coming from.*

*He's not screaming. His throat is far too hurt, far too raw to make more than a weak whimpering noise. He's not screaming. Is he?*

*Shakily, Severus raises a shaking hand to touch his mouth and frowns. He's not screaming, his mouth is swollen and closed, his jaw too bruised to move. With a whimper of agony, he looks over at Remus.*

*Remus's back is arched up and his bones are snapping loudly back into place, his muscles tearing and knitting back together in an instant. Tears were pooled in those gloriously golden eyes, spilling down over the furious red skin of the wolf boy's face as he screeches. Severus can't help but find him beautiful, even as his shrinking claws rip into his own palms. The Slytherin wants to lap at the blood, so he does. He's earned a reward after that night, hasn't he? Wasn't it just that he got a treat?*

*Severus moans in pain as he crawls closer, wrapping the other in his arms. Remus's eyes flicker with terror and recognition, but he clings to Severus with a cry of pain. The bloodied boy takes Remus's hand in his and presses his mouth against the palm, licking at the deep crescent shapes and tasting the bitter blood. It tasted different than his own. More sour, hotter to the touch as it leaked over his tongue, addictive in its taste. He could gorge himself on it for the rest of his life and be content.*

*"Snape- y.. You can't be here- you- are you okay?" Remus croaks, his other bloodied palm coming up to touch Severus worriedly. Wouldn't Remus be just the perfect master? Concerned for a subservient, even in the wreck of his own transformation. Caring for something, someone, lesser than him out of pure kindness, yet capable of such brutality. Severus grabs the other hand and licks at that palm as well, giving Remus a start.*

*Wolfish lust clouds Remus's eyes once again, the urge to dominate and brutalise still hiding there, under the surface. The beastly boy barks out a sharp snarl that has Severus shrinking back and spreading himself obediently. He was a fast learner, after all. Remus blinks and comes back to himself, looking concerned, almost sickened. Severus wants to hide. What use would he have if Remus no longer wanted him either? It would be back to brewing, back to taunting just to get a punch that would never feel as good as this.*

*Remus is suddenly checking him over and biting back sobs. His fingers linger on every claw mark, the abundance of blood and mixed in semen on Severus's trembling torso. The Gryffindor sucks in a slow, shaky breath and gazes down between the other boy's legs, lightly touching his clawed thighs and raw, gaped entrance. The touch, light as it is, has Severus bucking up and whimpering in desire and pain.*

*"Oh, Severus, what have I done- I'm a monster, I'm so sorry, I'm so so sorry" Remus sobs, breaking down and covering Severus's battered body with his own, wrapping the broken boy in his arms and cradling him there. Severus hesitates before tucking his head against Remus's chest (strong, warm, perfect), listening to the thumping of a racing heart.*

*"Severus, I'm so sorry, I will rot in Azkaban for this. I'm a monster, what have I done?" Remus is babbling out apologies through his sobs, cradling Severus like a broken teacup. Something beautiful and precious that had been shattered by accident. Guilt and remorse, pain. The sight of it on his Master's face breaks Severus's heart, so he goes silent.*

*".. No.." He manages to croak out, clinging to the werewolf as tight as his weak arms could manage. Seeverus chokes out a sob, pushing against Remus for more contact. He didn't understand at all why he was being held, but it had been a very long time and he needed it desperately. "No.. don't leave me"*

*"Severus! I abused you! I- I hurt you, you're bleeding- " Remus weeps, cradling Severus with shaking hands, his beautiful- now green and amber- eyes filled with tears. Severus wanted to lick them away. "I r-r.."*

*The word makes Remus's stomach turn and catches in his throat, tight and scraping against his vocal cords, "I raped you" He whispers, looking sick.*

*"No." Severus whimpers back, shaking his head weakly against the larger boy's chest, looking at the light scrapes there that were too small to be werewolf, but Severus didn't really remember making. He didn't remember fighting back at all, but by the third time he hadn't been very concious anymore.*

*Remus clings tighter, making Severus gasp in pain and immediately get released. He whines at the sudden loss of contact and his body winces as he weakly slumps against Remus, too damaged to move. "You can't possibly- Look at what I've done to you!" The wolf-boy yells, which Severus obeys without thinking, though it isn't a true command.*

*Severus looks down at his battered, bloody body and his waning erection hardens once again. He's covered in blood and come, littered with bruises and claw marks, burning with agony at every movement. He shudders at the sight, then looks up at Remus with a tilted head, "Will you do more?" he asks, and it's almost a beg. But as low as Severus Snape had fallen, he did not beg. Not when he was lucid.*

*"What the fuck?! NO! No, Severus, you don't have to be afraid, I'll never- I'll never even touch you again, I'll rot away in Azkaban- I'd rather be put down!" Remus defends furiously, touching Severus's cheek. The touch is too light now, too gentle.*

*I'd rather be put down*

*Severus breaks down into tears. Remus would rather die than touch him again and the thought alone was more painful than any injury.*

*I'd rather be put down*

*Severus wails, heartbroken and in pain, tugging his way weakly out of Remus's warm arms. Warm arms that weren't meant for him. Warm arms that were too loving to ever be for Severus Snape. The filthy little half blooded, ugly, freak that he was. Why had he hoped for even a moment that he deserved something he wanted?*

*Remus summons a cool cloth to run over the smaller boy's wounds, thinking that Severus's cries were of pain and fear, not heartbreak over being left behind again. Oh, miscommunication was a terrible agony, one that no one ever seemed able to overcome. Two boys who would spread slowly, further into self hatred, all because of one night. One misunderstanding. A candle that burned on both ends until the flames consumed each other.*

*They were made for each other. One was made to hold and hurt, the other to take and give. They would push and pull at each other forever, but it was never to be. They weren't crossed in the stars, they were together in darkness, wrapped up so snuggly they knew they belonged, but they could never find their way to each other's arms. They'd never find the way to what they wanted.*

*But for one shining moment, they burned together and lit the sky.*

*For a moment, they loved.*

*They were doomed to desire one another, but never reach out and take. Such is the burden of love.*

*Severus wishes he died that night, Remus wishes he was never born.*

## End Notes

Feel free to comment, I hope this wasn't as bad as I thought it was.

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